MATHEWS'

SONG BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF THE

MOST POPULAR

ORIGINAL SONGS,

SUNG BY MR MATHEWS,

IN HIS

VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

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London Green Rooms
Crookeen Lawn

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IN THE OLD FLESH-MARKET, NEWCASTLE.

There may also be had, a large and curious Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

ORIGINAL SONGS.

TRADE-CHUSING.

Tune—" Bartlemy Fair, O !"

I WAS fourteen years of age,
When my daddy, in a rage,
Said, as 'prentice I should go ;
But I answer'd, " No, sir, no."
Says he, Good lad, you muſt,
So don't kick up a duſt,
But look about, and never be afraid, O !

There are coopers, tailors—ſoldiers, ſailors,
Butchers, bakers—ſtrong ſhoemakers,
Hoſier, grocer—phyſic-doſer,
Floriſt, miller—or diſtiller ;
Printer, ſhaver—fine engraver,
Lawyer, proctor—or horſe-doctor.

Aye, says my father ; *Come*, sir, you must *go out* as an *i door* apprentice ; therefore, as I wish to make you a good m chanic, what do you think of being bound 'prentice to a bu cher ?—The name of butcher was enough ; it completely *m up*, and I flatly refused ; when my father said, I was at l last *take* with him, and *knocked me down* like an *o*, because

ould'n't *go* to his wishes; so I got up, *moved my matrona-*
nes out of the house, while my father followed me, to the
une of

Hey down! ho down! derry derry down!
Come here, you rogue, and quickly
choose a trade, O!

Now, since I lik'd the ſtage,
My daddy, in a rage,
Did say to me, "Odzooks!
I'll burn all your play books!"
So, quick with all his ire,
He threw them in the fire,
And a bankrupt in my ſtudy I was made, O!

All my plays—in a blaze;
Burning Rolla—made me hollo;
Speed the Plough—is burning now;
Of age to-morrow—caused me ſorrow;
Road to Ruin—there he threw in;
With Jane Shore—and many more.

Ah! there they were I, and, while they lay in the stove, I was reminded of the flames of Troy. Father, says I, You've broke my heart.—Have I, says he, then now I'll break your back. And so he did nearly; for he struck me a blow on the ame with a stick, that has made my belly ache ever since.—Now, says he, will you fix on a trade? Come, sir,—say, sir, —say, what trade shall it be?—Not your trade, father.—My rade, sirrah!—what is my trade sirrah?—Why, thresher, sir! —Psha! nonsense! says he; if you don't answer me, d—n ne if I won't make you serve two years to a grave-digger; hen I'll turn you over to a chimney sweep for three more; rou shall finish your apprenticeship with a scavenger; and, when you are out of your time, I'll try to make interest for

you, and get you into office as Jack Ketch,—that is, if peopl think you active or honest enough to fill the situation !- Thank you, thank you, father! says I, but you don't ca me at that; so he sang

Hey down, &c.

Now my father did complain,
For he found his efforts vain,
And he griev'd himself full sore,
While my fate he did deplore;
But soon I cheer'd him up,
And I gave him many a cup,
For, by acting, I'd a pretty fortune made, O
Guineas speak—every week;
Papers praise—fame they raise;
Lord, how clever!—his like was never
No one higher—all esquire;
Hand to hat—and all that,
Proves quite handy—I'm the dandy!

Aye, "Richard's himself again!" or, as the boys say "Never were such times!"—"Wild Oats," out of date "Wheel of Fortune," a prime production; "Fortune's Frolic," a good farce; "Riches," a good benefit; "Hit or Miss," when you have tried the "Country Girl." Then I'm up i the "Way to get Married;" and, as we know "Such Thing Are," why the "Honey Moon" and "Matrimony" may clos the season of a theatrical man's life, as well as any thing else since "Grieving's a folly," "All's Well that Ends Well;" s now my father sings,

Hey down, &c.

Huzza! my son has chose a mighty trade, O

Stratford on a Market-Day.

Tune—"Bow! wow! wow!"

I WENT to Stratford-Avon once,
To Old Shakspeare's house to see, sirs,

nd gad forgive my foolish sconce,
For much it play'd with me, sirs;
or I got to the market-place,
'Mong geese, and cows, and hay, sirs,
nd the folks all stared me in the face,
And said 'twere market-day, sirs!—
Quawk! quawk! away!
I sing of Stratford, pretty Stratford, on a market-day.

here were pigs and donkeys, pork and veal,
And lots of tempting mutton,—
Vith geese, and ducks, and niceties,
To suit the greatest glutton;
nd, Lord! there were such pretty girls,
I could not get away, sirs.—
nd this was all at Stratford-Avon,
On a market-day, sirs.
Quawk, &c.

ow since I had been very ill,
And lately had grown thinner,
thought that I would buy a fowl,
To serve me for my dinner;
ut a fellow met me like a witch,
And from bag my fowl did pluck, sirs,
hen shov'd me in a dang'd deep ditch,
And for fowl gave me a duck, sirs.
Quawk, &c.

hen I went to a justice straight,
And there I did complain, sirs,

But he did ſay I came too late,
And now 'twere all in vain, ſirs:
But when I told him of my fowl,
His wig aſide he cocks, ſirs,
Then he call'd me rogue and vagabond,
And put me in the ſtocks, ſirs.
Quawk, &c.

Now when they put me in the ſtocks,
By beadle I was welted;
And,—Lord! the thing each feeling ſhocks—
By little boys was pelted:
And though I was quite wringing wet,
And loſt my dinner diſh, ſirs,
They hooted me all through the town,
And call'd me the odd fiſh, ſirs,
Quawk! &c.

So now I've come from Shakſpeare's houſe,
I have enough to rave on,
To think how folks myſelf did chouſe
At famous Stratford-Avon.
But never mind, I've now got looſe,
Yet I'll my rage control, ſirs;
But I'll give you leave to call me gooſe,
If I loſe another fowl, ſirs.
Quawk! quawk! away! &c.

I'll never go to Stratford town again on a market-day.

An Irish Rubber at Whist.

Tune—"Shadrack the Orangeman."

OH! I'll sing you a song of a brave Irish party,
Although I, perhaps, may not tell you a name,
Which sat down to table so neat and so hearty,
And cards being brought, they prepared for a game
There was Mr O'Doody, and Counsellor Noody,
Old Justice O'Riggo, and old Alderman Twist;
And they cut and they shuffled, and shivel'd and
shuffled—
Oh! 'twas all at an Irish rubber at whist.

Mr O'Doody, you seem *hard at work*.—No, I'm not; I'm *hard at play*; there, it is your game. Indeed it is not, unless you are making *game* of me.—Upon my honour, sir, I had no such intention, for I hate *foul* play.—Have done, Mr Tim, and don't be tickling the lady there in the corner.—Oh, be quiet: *fair* play is the order of the day this evening; and, as *hearts* are *trumps*, that gentleman may do as he pleases with the females.—*Child.* La! mamma, I've sat upon this lady's reticule, and I've got sommet sticking in my skin.—*Lady.* Poor dear child, perhaps a pin.—Aye, says the Alderman, a brass pin is rather a rusty concern to stick in a bone; and, bless me! how mortified the poor dear little infant seems.—*Lady.* So he does, sir; and I can't help it, although I've been his own dear natural mother for the last four years.

Thus, thus, they were prating,
And loudly debating,
While kings, queens, and knaves, were display'd in each fit;
It was joke and frivolity,
Laughter and jollity—
Oh! 'twas all at an Irish rubber at whist.

Now Scrape'em, a barber, was playing quite steadily,
While his wife view'd a tailor with wondrous delight;
And Mr O'Pad, he perceiv'd it most readily,
And ask'd if she'd run from her hub and that night.

She said,—Mr P. 'tis yourself's my selection,
And since Scrape'em oft *lathers* his wife with his fist,
To elope with yourself I have little objection:
So they flew from an Irish rubber at whist.

Aye! away they scampered, and the amiable Mrs Scrape'em *cut* her husband's connexion, and left him to *lather* his customers without her, while she flew to Gretna with O'Pad, where she was tacked to the tailor, and then returned, as stiff as buckram, to tell her old husband that she had a new one; and now the people point at her as the *Wife of Two Husbands*, and sing

Thus, thus, &c.

But Scrape'em, the barber, hired lawyers anon, sirs,
Determin'd to give the bold tailor a dose;
So an action he brought against Pad for *crim. con.* sirs,
And said the affair to the world he'd expose.
Then the jury to give a great sum were unwil'ling,
Though Pad's horrid conduct they greatly contemn'd;
And for damages Scrape'em receiv'd just one shilling,
While for bigamy Scrape'em's old wife was condemn'd.

Yes; and it took such an effect upon her naturally delicate nerves, that she ran stark staring mad, threw herself into the river, and now, every night, at a quarter past eleven, the old women say her ghost appears on the *cold water*, in a raft, just like a shopboard, with a sleeveboard in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other; while her husband, who is always in *hot water* at home, sings,

Thus, thus, &c.

Volunteer Field-Day, and Sham Fight.

Air—"Awkward Recruit."

THE other day, I went to see
Some men at soldiers play, sirs:
And all the folks did say to me
'Twas Volunteer Field-day, sirs.

And one chap told me with much glee,
If I'd ſtay there till night, ſirs,
That he was ſure myſelf might ſee
A Volunteer Sham Fight, ſirs.

Ecod! there I was waiting till the troops came up, and I aw long men and tall; little men and fat; ugly men and andſome; tailors and barbers, and butchers, and bakers; nd I thought the whole regiment were beat before they me into action; ſo I ſung,

Tol de rol lol, tol lol de rol,
Oh, Lord! what a comical ſight, ſirs!
With tol de rol lol, &c.
This was a field-day, and ſham fight, [ſirs.

Now ſome ſtepp'd right, and others wrong,
And ſome were out of breath, ſirs;
While others ſcarce could walk along,
And look'd as pale as death, ſirs.
One chap on horſeback, who look'd big,
Cried, "Halt!" but no one fear'd him;
And, gad! I thought they all were deaf,
For not one of the ſoldiers heard him.

No; on they kept going, treading on each other's heels, nd calling each other ſtupid; while dang me if one fellow dn't take off his belts and jacket, and ax'd I to carry'em.— ys I, What will you ſtand?—Why, ſays he, I'll give you a llyful of tripe, if you'll come to my ſhop in the Seven ials.—So I agreed, and ſung,

Tol de rol, &c.

Now the fight commenc'd, and I laugh'd away,
For the fight was wond'rous pleaſing;

But, lord! when they all began to fire,
It ſounded like children ſneezing.
For one popp'd here, and one popp'd there,
While a ſoldier fainted—that's flat, ſirs;
And another fired his ramrod off,
And ſent it right through my hat, ſirs,

Ay, and a devilish good thing it didn't go through my head; but, egad! it wasn't the only ramrod that gave 'em leg bail, for out of a hundred and fifty on 'em, at one time only ten fired, and the others were standing at ease, while I laughed, and sung,

Tol de rol, &c.

Now, having ſeen this curious ſcene,
I've done with volunteering;
So now to journey home I mean,
For to Yorkſhire back I'm ſteering.
And when at home, with friends, I ſtay,
'Twill give me great delight, ſirs,
To tell the tale of this field day;
But I'll not forget ſham fight, ſirs.

No, egad!—ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing, when I think of the pop! pop! pop! *(imitates)* and phist, phist! Phist!—it's enough to kill a fellow with laughter, and make him sing,

Tol de rol, &c.

The Jew and the Pig;

OR, A FORTNIGHT BETWEEN 'EM.

Tune—"Betsey Baker."

A JEW, they call'd him Isaac Mo,
Along the road did go, ſirs,
And ſwagger'd moſt outrageouſly
Into a ditch of ſnow, ſirs.

A pig was journeying that way,
Who caught him by the skirt, O!
And wouldn't let poor Isaac lay,
But dragg'd him through the dirt, O!

Grunting, pulling, all the way,
A week! a week! he cried, sirs,
And Isaac cried, Ma cot! ma cot!
I'm sure that I shall die, sirs.

Now when the pig was satisfied,
And he had done his play, sirs,
Says Isaac, Come here, Mr. Pig,
I have a word to say, sirs:
Will you come home and live with me,
Come, for how long will you stay, sirs?
The pig cried Week! and Isaac soon
With piggy march'd away, sirs.

Grunting, &c.

The Jew took pig for piggy's week,
Then like a knowing elf, sirs,
Says he, I now will keep your pigship,
For a week myself, sirs;
But he was caught, was tried and hang'd,
Just after he was taken,
And now for stealing pig, the Jew
Is hang'd as dead as bacon.

Grunting, &c.

Old and New Times.

Air—"Mr. Simpkin."

O Dear how things are changing,
And I muſt live to ſee it,
There's nothing but inventions now,
And ſoon I think they'll rue it;
The paviours were hard working men,
And they were much befriended;
But now, 't's they break up the roads
That formerly they mended.

There was a time when people,
Their gardens ne'er forſook, ſirs;
But now they will go any lengths
At a balloon to look, ſirs;
And thoſe who want clean linen,
Muſt make a ſhift, 'twould ſeem, ſirs,
For all your ſhirts and handkerchiefs
Muſt now be waſh'd by ſteam, ſirs.

I know when in town each church
Had a very lofty ſteeple;
But now we have churches by far
More numerous than the people:
And mind, if ever you ſhould build,
That you're not quickly undone,
For one would think that all the world
Was coming into London.

I know when men could loſe their caſh,
And ſtill could cut a ſwell,
But now they throw away their gold
In a place they've nick-named hell;

And some, unconscious of their fate,
Who often risk at play,
Have from Pall Mall been hurried off
To Brixton far away.

know when our ladies
Could sing as well as dance,
But now their airs and waltzes
Are all sent here from France;
And some of them no grammar learn
(No, English) it is true,
But ere they know our vulgar tongue,
They learn to *parlez vous*.

n my boyhood, I never heard
Of Martin the humane,
Who feels for sheep and donkies
A very lively pain;
or if you only hurt your ass,
You'll then want an attorney,
Or, like a lamb, you'll have to bleed
Before Sir Richard Birney.

think it twenty years ago,
Or more, I now may say,
Vhen fifty people were required
To act a little play;
ut now the English Op'ra House
It fills, and ne'er was warmer,
nd all the play is acted there
By Mathews, one performer.

The Thames will soon be covered o'er
From Richmond down to Wapping,
For bridges they are building still,
And never will be stopping;
The watermen, like water sprites,
Seem roving like sea gulls,
While their children, like skeletons,
Are playing with the skulls.

Ode to General Jackson.

Air—"Malbrook."

I WILL sing of General Jackson
Who the foe he has ne'er turn'd his back on,
But his soldiers with all their knapsacks on
Did make all *de* English stray.
He fought them one and all,
And his courage was not very small,
For he cut them with his sabre,
And their backs he did belabour;
Then we'll sound the pipe and the tabor,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for General Jackson! the noble
General Jackson!
Hurrah for General Jackson!—Hurrah
hurrah! hurrah!

When this place they would put one grea
tax on,
Ha! ha! says brave General Jackson,
Begar here's no time to relax on,
So their blood I will instantly draw.

Then he pulled out his ſabre ſo,
And he gave them one, two, three, great blow!
He kick'd up the very devil to pay, ſirs,
He knock'd off all their legs, people ſay, ſirs,
And *den dey* all try to run away, ſirs,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Now it's peace, and the war is over,
So let us all live in clover,
For he is his country's lover,
And ſtill will protect her law.
He'll always ſhed his blood,
And fight for a cauſe that's good;
And if he's ſhot through the head, ſirs,
Or his blood it ſhould flow ſo red, ſirs,
We'll ſing in his praiſe when dead, ſirs,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

And when *dis* brave man *dey* ſend off, in
A very nice gay looking coffin,
No one ſhall his burying be croſſing,
Nor on his brave ſkin let his paw;
For, *Begar*, if e'er he does,
He *vill* ſhake him out of his ſhoes;
But at this I muſt ſay, oh, fie! ſirs,
For that day I am ſure is not nigh, ſirs,
And brave Jackſon he never ſhall die, ſirs,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Then, &c.

Travellers All.

AIR.—"Fishermen all."

SOME men, you'll confess, must travel by stealth,
The world too they see as they travel about;
While others they travel, improving their health,
But mostly improving their pockets, no doubt.
Travellers all, tol de rol.

The soldier he travels to conquer the brave,
The sailor for prize-money buffets the storm;
The old man is travelling into the grave,
And the stoic is seeking a climate that's warm.
Travellers all, &c.

The lawyer he travels to gather his fees;
The preacher he travels to find out new grace;
A vixen will travel her husband to teaze,
And a statesman will travel to better his place.
Travellers all, &c.

The husband he travels for comfort and peace,
The lady she travels new fashions to find;
The rake goes a trav'ling, his joys to increase,
And the wisest of men travel out of their mind.
Travellers all, &c.

The author he travels for subjects so rare,
Your composer will travel to pick up new notes,
Your lover he travels, although in despair,
And your fingers all travel to strengthen their throats.
Travellers all, &c.

Your miser he travels in poverty's ways,
Your spendthrift he travels to make himself poor;
Our dandies they travel well laced up in stays,
While the aged are travelling fast to death's door.
Travellers all, &c.

Your parſon he travels with mitre in view,
Your farmer he travels new tithes to procure;
Your creditors travel for debts that are due,
And your patriots travel their rights to enſure.
Travellers all, &c.

Your gambler travels his money to loſe,
A ſinner he travels without much belief;
Some touriſts will travel all lands to abuſe,
And a judge often travels to halter a thief.
Travellers all, &c.

The merchant oft travels his fortune to mend,
The Frenchman he travels with capers and ſhrugs;
The pawnbroker travels his money to lend,
And the chemiſt he travels by nothing but drugs.
Travellers all, &c.

A king, if he travels, is very much prized,
Some trav'lers at ſea they are oft taken ill;
A wife, if ſhe travels, is ſoon advertized,
And ſome folks now travel into the tread-mill.
Travellers all, &c.

The player he travels for frolic and fun,
Ambaſſadors travel to ſet nations right;
The poor man oft travels to get from a dun,
And watchmen they uſually travel by night.
Travellers all, &c.

Now I have been travelling far from my friends,
Still I truſt they oft travel to me for good cheer:
And if by my adventures I make them amends,
I ſhall hope long to ſee them all travelling here.
Travellers all, &c.

General Election.

AIR—"The Downfall of Paris."

NOW's the time for fun and jollity,
Flaming ſpeeches and frivolity;

Great and small,
They one and all
Are to the huſtings ſtraying.
There's our man—give him a cheering;
That's his friend—give him a hearing!
Come, make a ſuſs,—
Why, he's for us.
Don't be noiſy in the middle there;
Silence, that man that's got the fiddle there!
Pray be quiet,
No more riot,—
Have done, have done huzzaing.

(Spoken) "Here's a bill! here's a bill!"—"What's the title of it?"—"Blood and beef."—"Why, what's the meaning of that?"—I don't know, but it's a good title."—'Look here, gentlemen, look here: blood and beef—no Larkins!—Humdrum for ever!" *(Man with a cracked voice)* "Read it, if your able."—"Liberty and Independence!"—"Order, gentlemen, and hear this bill.—*(Elector reads)*—Who would keep the poor in the workhouse on no more than a ſhilling a day? Larkins! Who monopolizes all the table-beer? Larkins! Who ſhuts up his cellar-doors that nobody may go there but himſelf? Larkins!"—"No Larkins!"—"Mr High Bailiff, there's a dead cat thrown upon the huſtings."—"Pray, ſir, what muſt we conſider that?" "A pill cat ſir."—"Here's a new bill—where's the printer?"—"He's gone to preſs for votes."—"Where's his boy?"—"I ſaw the devil upon the huſtings not a moment ſince."—"Where the devil has he gone?"—"He's gone to ſee that nobody picks his maſter's pocket."—"How ſhall we have this bill printed—No ſmall beer?"—'On pot."—"No; foolſcap won't be waſted on our cauſe. Sup-

pose we have some red lines round it?"—"Why so?"—"To show that we keep every thing within compass."—"Now let's have show of hands."—*(Voices)*—"A show of hands! a show of hands!"—"There, there's a show hands! Did you ever see such a show of hands?"—"I never saw such a show of dirty hands."—"Larkins must stand. Yes, yes, we like Larkins."—"No Larkins! Humdrum for ever! Huzza!"

Thus their noise and clamour hearing,
One condemns, another cheering;
One would shout
The other out,—
O! the joys of electioneering!

Now electors fast are coming here,—
Some are fifing, others drumming here;
Ribands shaking,
Speeches making,
Folks stamp themselves notorious.
Now the hustings has a bumper;
See, they're bringing many a plumper.
I'm bang up right,
Each tax is right;
Don't you wish that your's were settled so?
Silence, sir, I ne'er was nettled so;
You'd some friend
His aid to lend,
That makes you so uproarious.

(Spoken)—*(Child)* "If you please sir, my father says he'd come to vote for Mr Larkins; but he's got no hat."—"No hat! What shall we do?—can any

body lend him one."—'Here, my little boy, take my hat."—'Thank'ee, sir."—*(Gentleman)* "Mr Larkins, I saw that hat; there's something in it I don't like; but I shall notice it at a proper time, and in a proper place."—*(Irish Barrister Bother'em appears)*—"Silence for Botherem! he knows how to speak! Silence for Botherem!"—"Gentlemen, I gaze upon you as the children of reanimated nature, breathing the divine breezes of the odoriferous heavens that surround the constellations! Ye are not like the cold-blooded regicides that overran revolutionary and revolutionnized France, with the region-like blasts of tempestuous whirlwinds, nor the fire-engendered war-brands that threw the snows of Russia into a thaw, and levelled Moscow in the imperceptible ruin that must amalgate the wonder-stricken senses of admiring nations, from Constantinople to the peak of Teneriffe! I cannot indulge in high-flown lucubrations, when I am speaking to men who know all the glorious refulgencies of indescribable humanity in a more classical and legislative capacity than any that ever graced the Medes, the Persians, the Scandinavians, or the Phœnicians; therefore I will with modesty confine myself to this glorious consummation, that every natural generation should live without aggravation, under every deprivation, and never suffer themselves to be annihilated by the simultaneous, obnoxious, deteriorating, and abominable combination of incendiaries, who accumulate but to separate and degenerate those who should never be inanimate.—*(Bravo)*—And my countrymen! hear me, and don't be blind! If I could mount the winged horse Pegasus, I would fly over mount Helicon, and travel the land of Egypt, to emancipate and elucidate all that can reverberate to substantiate the emaculation of all that puts you at present in a consternation. So, gentlemen, as our immortal poet says, brevity is the soul of wit, I'll give you a quotation:

Vote for Larkins!"

"Bravo, Larkins! what a clever fellow! Huzza!" —"I say, Mr Botherem, you told me this morning you would vote for Humdrum."—"Well, sir, surely a man has a right to change his mind once a day, if he pleases."—"I suppose, sir, you never received a present of game from Mr Larkins?"—"Sir, I never received the most trifling favour from Mr Larkins, with the exception of one little hare, and that was so high I could not eat it." "Bribery and corruption!"

Thus their noise, &c.

Carts and carbriolets they're rolling it;
See, the freemen now are polling it:
All is flurry,
Hurry, scurry,
Squeezing, shouting, fighting.
Some are speaking up for freedom;
Others bawl, and will not heed 'em.
'Tis honour's cause,
The king and laws.
I'll be staunch against the minister,
For my motives are not sinister.
This scene to-day,
I'm sure you'll say,
It is, it is delighting.

(*Spoken*) "Now, now read Humdrum's bill."—*Elector reads*) "No bullock's liver!—there's an elegant title." "No Humdrum!"—(*Continues to read*) "Who monopolizes all the salt?"—"Humdrum!"—"Who has set up in opposition to the washerwomen?"—"Humdrum! No Humdrum!"—"Who sat in the house, and never made no speech for six years?—

Humdrum!"—"No Humdrum!"—"I say, Mr. Poll Clerk, I shall not promise to vote for Mr Humdrum, unless he promises to say 'No!' whenever the ministers say 'Yes.'—(*Gets a blow on the ear*)—Somebody has given me a cracker!"—"No, sir! it's only an electioneering squib."—"Silence! Silence for Mr Boreen!" (*Boreen speaks*)—"Gentleman, I rise up for the purpose of depressing upon your minds that I am standing up in the most manful-like manner that an Englishman should stand. You all know that you are Englishmen, because you was born in England. Oh! then look at your children, and transplant them in your imaginary imaginations, for they are the tender plants that intercede all the dry substances of your souls, and moisten all the horizontal heats that burn in your bosoms, like the raging ackenox in North America. Look at this, and be me! I don't come here not to say nothing, as a great many other people does, that's always a talking. I likes to say little, and to no purpose nevertheless; but look to your wives; I know you're in the habits of dressing 'em as I am my wife—(*voice, no insinuations*)—and it's right every man should dress his wife with proper indiscretion, whether he can or no. I loves my wife; every body loves my wife, and I say women is the most innoculate being on the face of the earth or any other country. I live at my country house. Stick to the laws, for the laws are the bullocks of our country, and there was never no man what didn't understand the laws, that knew nothing about 'em; so, if you wish to be independent, vote for Humdrum, and it will be better no £10,000 a year for you all; for if we were all to be members of Parliament in the House of Common and the House of Lords, what a number of speakers we should have, and the house would be too large to contain us all. So vote for Humdrum, the friend of the people and strong beer."—"Bravo! Bravo!"—"I say, who has won?"—"I don't know—do you

sir?"—"Yes, both, for they're going to try it over again, to find out the conqueror."—"And who pays for the hustings?"—"Those who can find most money; but if the candidates don't, John Bull must."

Thus their noise, &c.

London Green Rooms.

Air—"O, the Roast Beef of Old England."

WHEN a fam'd country actor in London appears,
There's nothing but laughter, applause, or our tears,
And each friend, in the Green-Room, the hero then cheers.
Oh, the Green-Rooms of fam'd London,
And it's oh the London Green-Rooms.

Now at great Drury-lane many wonders have been,
And I'm sure you'll confess it is nothing but Kean:
And ladies in breeches are often there seen.
Oh, the Green-Rooms, &c.

In the Green-Rooms the actors assemble and joke,
Where the troubles of life seem a bottle of smoke:
And they call a bad actor a pig in a poke.
Oh, the Green-Rooms, &c.

At fam'd Covent Garden they manage to please,
With their Young, their Macready, their Kemble, and Trees:
And Liston can kill you with laughter with ease.
Oh, the Green-Rooms, &c.

The Haymarket next is as new as can be,
And merit in plenty through summer you'll see;
And the actors engaged are at home to a T.
Oh, the Green-Rooms, &c.

Now the English Opera's last, though not least;
And its fame this new season, you'll own, has increas'd:
And if you see Matthews you'll say it's a feast.
Oh, the Green-Rooms, &c.

Crooskeen Lawn.

Air—"Love's Young Dream."

OH, all my thoughts, both day and night,
Still run on thee, my dear;
'Tis thou canst cheer my heart, my sight,
When thou art near.
For all my soul is fix'd on thee,
By dark night, day, or dawn;
And, och! how happy I can be,
Near Crooskeen Lawn.

'Tis oft my head has ach'd, I know,
When you've been near;
But help'd by you, I've met the foe,
And did not fear.
For oh! 'tis thee myself adores,
For thee my clothes I'd pawn;
And I shall love thee evermore,
My Crooskeen Lawn.

In winter how I look'd and lov'd,
Sweet angel of my soul!
And when my Judy has reprov'd,
Upon the floor I'd roll.
Oh, faith! I'd roll again, I think,
And o'er thy sweetness fawn;
Oh, yes! and I'd till doomsday drink,
Sweet Croosken Lawn.

FINIS.